You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeeke to ſoften that, then which what's harder:
His Iewiſh heart? therefore I do beſeech you
Make no moe offers, vſe no farther meanes,
But with all briefe and plaine conueniency
Let me haue iudgement, and the *Iew* his will.
Baſſ. For thy three thouſand ducats here is ſixe.
Iew. If euery ducat in ſix thouſand ducats
Were in ſixe parts, and euery part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would haue my bond.
Du. How ſhalt thou hope for mercy, rendring none?
Iew. What iudgment ſhall I dread, doing no wrong?
You haue among you many a purchaſt ſlaue,
Which like your Aſſes, and your Dogs and Mules,
You vſe in abiect and in ſlauiſh parts,
Becauſe you bought them, ſhall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heires?
Why ſweat they vnder burthens, let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours, and let their pallats
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch viands; you will anſwer,
The ſlaues are ours, ſo do I anſwer you;
The pound of fleſh which I demand of him,
Is deerely bought, tis mine and I will haue it:
If you deny me, fie vpon your Law,
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I ſtand for iudgement, anſwer, ſhall I haue it?
Duke. Vpon my power I may diſmiſſe this Court,
Vnleſſe *Bellario* a learned Doctor,
Whom I haue ſent for to determine this,
Come heere to day.
Saler. My Lord, heere ſtayes without,
A meſſenger with letters from the Doctor,
New come from *Padua*.
Duke. Bring vs the Letters, call the Meſſenger.
Baſſ. Good cheere *Anthonio*, what man, courage yet:
The *Iew* ſhall haue my fleſh, blood, bones and all,
Ere

Ere thou ſhalt loſe for me one drop of blood.
Antho. I am a tainted weather of the flocke,
Meeteſt for death, the weakeſt kinde of fruite
Drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me;
You cannot better be imployd *Baſſanio*,
Then to liue ſtill and write mine Epitaph.

Enter Nerriſſa.

Duke. Came you from *Padua* from *Bellario*?
Ner. From both, my L. *Bellario* greetes your grace.
Baſſ. Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?
Iew. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there
Gra. Not on thy ſoule: but on thy ſoule harſh *Iew* fog ſoft
Thou mak'ſt thy knife keene: but no mettall can,
No, not the hangmans axe beare halfe the keeneneſſe
Of thy ſharpe enuy: can no prayers pierce thee?
Iew. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.
Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog,
And for thy life let iuſtice be accuſde;
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me wauer in my faith,
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That ſoules of Animals infuſe themſelues
Into the trunks of men: Thy curriſh ſpirit
Gouern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane ſlaughter,
Euen from the gallowes did his fell ſoule fleete,
And whilſt thou layeſt in thy vnhallowed dam,
Infuſde it ſelfe in thee: for thy deſires
Are woluiſh, bloody, ſtaru'd and rauenous.
Iew. Till thou canſt raile the ſeale from off my bond,
Thou but offendſt thy lungs to ſpeake ſo loud:
Repaire thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureleſſe ruine. I ſtand heere for law.
Duke. This letter from *Bellario* doth commend
A young and learned Doctor to our Court:
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth heere hard by,